And so offend him: for I tell you sirs,
If you should smile, he growes impatient.
Play. Feare not my Lord we can containe our selues,
Were he the veriest anticke in the world.
Lord. Go sirra, Take them to the Butterie,
And giue them friendly welcome euery one,
Let them want nothing that my house affoords.

Exit one with the Players.

Sirra go you to Bartholmew my page,
And see him drest in all suites like a Ladie:
That done, conduct him to the drunkards chamber,
And call him Madam, do him obeisance:
Tell him from me (as he will win my loue)
He bare himselfe with honorable action,
Such as he hath obseru'd in noble Ladies
Vnto their Lords, by them accomplished,
Such dutie to the drunkard let him do:
With soft low tongue, and lowly curtesie,
And say: What is 't your Honor doth command,
Wherein your Ladie, and your humble wife,
May shew her dutie, and make knowne her loue.
And then with kinde imbracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosome
Bid him shed teares, as being ouer-ioyed
To see her noble Lord restor'd to health,
Who for this seuen yeares hath esteemed him
No better then a poore and loathsome begger:
And if the boy haue not a womans guift
To raine a shower of commanded teares,
An Onion will do well for such a shift,
Which in a Napkin (being close-conuei'd)
Shall in despight enforce a waterie eie:
See this dispatch'd with all the hast thou canst,
Anon Ile giue thee more instructions.

Exit a seruingman.

I know the boy will wel vsurpe the grace,
Voice, gate, and action of a Gentlewoman:

I long to heare him call the dru
And how my men will stay then
When they do homage to this
Ile in to counsell them: haply
May well abate the ouer-merrie
Which otherwise would grow

Enter aloft the drunkard with
Basen and Ewer, & other app
Beg. For Gods sake a pot of sm
1 *Ser.* Wilt please your Lor
2 *Ser.* Wilt please your Hon
3. *Ser.* What raiment will
Beg. I am *Christopher Sl*
ship: I ne're dranke sacke in my
serues, giue mee conserues of B
weare, for I haue no more dou
ings then legges: nor no more s
feet then shooes, or such shooes
uer leather.
Lord. Heauen cease this idle
Oh that a mightie man of such
Of such possessions, and so high
Should be infused with so fou
Beg. What would you make m
old *Slies* sonne of Burton-heat
Cardmaker, by transmutation
profession a Tinker. Aske *M*
Wincot, if shee know me not
score for sheere Ale; score
Christendome. What I am no
3. *Man.* Oh this it is that
2 *Mar.* Oh this is it that m
Lord. Hence comes it, tha
As beaten hence by your strang
Oh Noble Lord, bethinke the
Call home thy ancient though
And banish hence these abiect
Looke how thy seruants do att